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Kindergarten Lectures.—No. 2.

GIVEN BY MRS. LOUISE POLLOCK, IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

I will now continue to lay before you some more of Fröbel's fundamental thoughts on Child Education, as they have been interpreted by Mrs. Lina Morgenstern of Berlin, the Baroness Marenholz (who has done more to disseminate Fröbel's kindergarten system of education in Europe than any other person,) by Miss Peabody, Mr. Heilman of Milwaukee and other educators, including myself.

"Fröbel has authority with me," says Miss Peabody, "because in his great faith, making himself as a little child, he received little children in the name (that is, as the tender buds of divine humanity) with a loving sincerity such as few have done since Jesus claimed little children as the pure elements of the kingdom He came to establish on earth, and declared that, as they were such, they should be brought to Him, as the motherly instinct prompted, and declared that they should not be forbidden, which means hindered, as all false education hinders."

Infant training has, until now, been less thought of or cultivated than school education and the civilization of the present century, so much praised, has not as yet paid that attention to the subject which it merits, if it would faithfully fulfil its duties to the rising generation. The result of this indifference we see all around us, by observing the thin, pale faces of our young people, many of whom seemed healthy, rosy children in infancy; the premature oldness of children; their emaciated limbs; the sudden breaking down of the health of young women; the indifference and alienation of members of the family, yes, even between parents and children, the aversion of many women to raise children on account of their being so expensive and troublesome, forever wanting to know, what can I do? which question the mother is often unable or unwilling to answer in a satisfactory manner. Almost all young, fond mothers think that their child, resting so softly imbedded in their love, is not to be pitied; there is nothing to be feared for it, and that with every rough air, all moral evil is likewise excluded; and yet how much sorrow results from that too great tenderness in mothers; it lacks wisdom, and enervates body and soul." Maternal instincts and affections have been generally considered as sufficient to insure the safety and perfect development of the child, and it is of priceless value. But when we behold the many troubles and vexations of life, beginning even with small children in their inharmonious intercourse with each other, and the wrong direction taken by their inborn activity and play, we feel the necessity for the torch of science to illumine our nurseries.

There is now no longer the excuse to be brought forward, that there is no light on that particular subject, except that of the human instinct, inferior though it is to most animals on account of our having been endowed with royal reason. But we do have light now, and sufficient to make life far more of a boon than it has been to us, and all we have to do is to open our hearts to it and allow ourselves to be guided by it. How often have we seen a lifetime wasted—a thorn in the flesh, marring every enjoyment, reducing the amount of happiness to one-half of what it was intended to be, and all through the deplorable ignorance of the mother or nurse. An immeasurable amount of misery and suffering to parents and children will be prevented if our young ladies would give more of the time devoted to some less useful science or accomplishment, to the study of physiology and a thorough study of the nature and wants of the human being as elucidated by Frederick Fröbel. No educational institution for young ladies should be without a department devoted to the science of bringing up children. Many valuable books have been written on education, but no one has done so much to study out the threefold nature of the child

and find out the right means of nourishing and developing his physical, intellectual and spiritual nature as the originator of the kindergarten, or as he calls himself, the "discoverer of nature's method of education." I feel personally a deep sense of gratitude to this profound thinker and student of the human soul who devoted his life to serve his master by serving humanity.

One of the objections raised against Fröbel's system of infant training, beginning as it does with the child three months old, is that there is such a thing as beginning too early, and that it is wrong to interfere with its innocent harmlessness, and some parents perhaps ridicule the idea of introducing the colored balls to the child's perception at that tender age, with a view of educating it. Let us try to find a good reason for Fröbel's doing so, and see if we cannot remove the objections of the kind parent.

When we come to consider what has been the popular, we might say universal interpretation and naming of the word education, these objections are not so much to be wondered at. Many people think that education means the conning of printed lessons, in order to exercise the memory and intellectual faculties of children—that it naturally includes the occupations which necessarily oblige the child to continue in certain constrained positions for a certain number of hours per day—the constant admonishing from teachers and parents, chiding or dictating how the child shall deport himself, walk or dance, so as to gain the approval of admiring friends. While in reality education means a harmonious and natural development and careful training of every endowment of the human being physically just as much as intellectually and spiritually, to prepare and fit the child to enter into the strife and battle of life with a full and elevated comprehension of the laws of his own being, of the position he occupies in the world, and his relation to it, with an enlightened view and honest conviction of the right and healthful means for him to adopt in order to attain his destined work and mission on earth.

The infant holds the same relation to man which the tender bud holds towards the majestic tree. It is true that in the seed is already indicated what will be the form, the quality, and the nature of the plant, and light on the subject of rightly influencing the seed is most welcome and to be eagerly accepted. But it is also well known to what extent the plant can be affected by cultivation, by the removal of weeds and insects, the judicious use of the pruning knife, a free supply of air, sunshine and water. The true aim of all education should be, to begin with the child at a tender age, and use every means at our command to modify natural defects and turn every capacity into good and useful channels. This heaven-appointed task has been more especially assigned to woman, and for this purpose nature has endowed her with love, patience and spiritual power of endurance, that she might be the supervisor, yes the visible guardian angel of the earlier years of the child's life.

If we did not make the very great mistake to imagine that the immediate surroundings and the first experiences of the tender baby of only a few months of age were of no consequence to the child's future life as well as to its immediate progress, so long as all its physical wants are all satisfied and well taken care of, we should behold a very different generation of human beings from those of the present day. One of the highest aims of education, of moral culture, should be to make duty and goodness agreeable. This is the main object which the kindergarten system keeps in view and strives to attain. When love for goodness and a taste for usefulness is once awakened later in life, this will overcome all difficulties and conquer what otherwise would be very disagreeable.

Our common schools have no such results to show forth. School should be no longer simply a place in which to acquire intellectual knowledge or proficiency. It ought no

longer teach sciences apart from their application to life, but it should prepare the young for the every day life and work of their existence. No one can become a master in any art, merely by committing its technical rules to memory, necessary as this also may be. We are told in the Bible to work and pray, which means to seek communion with the Heavenly Father, and come to him for light, wisdom, faith, courage and strength to do His holy will, but we are to show in deeds that our prayer is heard and that the heavenly spirit is the motive of all our actions. Mere technical instruction by books—good and necessary as it is, at the right age—is of course far easier to give, at least for the teacher, and that is no doubt the reason why primary teachers who use the simplest books are paid the least. But the scholar gets used to a mere repeating of facts, and does it in most cases without thought or investigation.

Following the normal progress of a child's development we observe that, first its powers germinate and grow, 2d, they are assisted in that growth and progress by exercise; by exercise they become productive. Lastly, the child acquires a consciousness of its powers by seeing the effects he produces in the use of these powers." Rather than simply to commit to memory, the young mind would prefer and wishes to reproduce the images and perceptions it acquires, and to embody them in an external form, when they become more clear to him.

Facts are better than words. When we know what a thing is, then the conversations we hear around us and the books we may read in later years are full of meaning and interest.

There are a thousand facts of creation which a child ought to know before it is out of childhood, and about which most men know nothing, so wretched has been their training.

"Frederick Fröbel's system of education is based so entirely upon the nature of the child and his natural requirements, that when it is being taught and applied, people seem astonished—like with all great discoveries—that all those means which seem so simple and to the purpose have not been known and in use before." But we will now proceed to the practical part of our lesson.

"If after a child can walk, run or jump, his young limbs need varied and systematic exercise for the muscles, how much more does it require them before self activity commences. Common gymnastics are designed to exercise and develop every muscle, but such exertion would tire young children. Their interest must be awakened in various directions, that it may be made happy and joyous. A child is ever willing to show his height, while it would be unwilling to stand erect or to stretch out its arms to no purpose. There must be a meaning to all there is done with a child, suited to its comprehension, such as is furnished in Fröbel's play gymnastics. The exercise for the body is in them made also an exercise of all the soul organs, as it were, and the first playful activity of the child becomes the starting point for further development and advancement in the kindergarten."

All the little songs which are given for the amusement and benefit of the infant will be found to be very entertaining and pleasing to older children. To these they should be introduced in the shape of a little story or conversation, as it is done in the kindergarten. Thus with the weather vane song for exercising the wrist, it is well to introduce it, when some object is seen moving, such as the weather vane or a flag; we may ask what objects they have ever seen moving, such as clothes on the line, the branches of a tree, birds, etc., children will enjoy the song much better if they imagine that they are representing some animate thing that has come under their observation. To questioning a child about what makes things move, you will lead him to find out that it is the wind which makes them move in some cases.

We cannot see the wind, yet we can see what he does.
"What else is there that you know, and yet you cannot see it?"

EVA—I can hear you speak, but I cannot see the words.
Well, Stuart?

"I can smell the hay in the dark."

Rose?

"I can taste the sugar in my candy when my eyes are shut."

So you can; that is because you can taste it, and I can feel the warm sun, or in the winter I can feel the snow and ice without seeing it. Yes, and more yet, dear children. You cannot see, hear, smell, touch or taste love, still you all know that your mamma loves you, and we all know how much God loves us by the thousands of good gifts he bestows upon us. Name one, Bertha?

Thus each child is asked to name a blessing they enjoy in the kindergarten (or in the family circle) and they are taught the verse of scripture, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his mercies."

We will now show how the following song for the exercising of the arms is to be introduced to the larger children:

Perhaps the baby has just been fed with milk, or the children are eating lunch. Mamma says, "How Harry enjoys his nice supper of bread and milk. Do you know how we get the sweet milk?"

"O yes, the milkman brought it, and papa pays the milkman for it."

"But where does the milkman get it?"

"From the good mooley cow! Sure enough, but he has not time to milk the cow himself, so he lets Peter milk her. And Mooley, how does she get her supper? She does not like milk, she loves the nice sweet grass and hay, so Peter, who heard Mooley say, 'Moo, moo, moo, it is time for me to have my supper too!' takes the sharp sickle and goes with it to the meadow, there to cut down some grass for the good cow. How came the grass there, can Peter make one blade of grass? No, not one. God made it grow. But Peter can cut it down, and as he cuts down a good deal at the time, the good horse is taken to the meadow with the hay wagon to help draw mooley's supper to the barn. Now we will play that we were cutting down some of the nice grass ourselves, and sing a sweet song for the baby. Mowing song:

"Peter, to the meadow go,
And the grasses quickly mow.
Bring it home to mooley cow
For she wants her supper now.
Peter, do not be so late,
Do not make my baby wait
For the milk from mooley cow,
For she wants her supper."

"Thank you, Peter, for the mowing,
Thank you, horses, for the drawing,
Thank you, mooley, for the food,
Which the baby finds so good.
Thank you, mamma, for the pleasure
Which she loves to give her treasure,
Thanks to papa for his love,
Most of all to God above,
Most of all to God above."

The moral purpose of this song is to arouse thought and consideration for the subordinates who contribute to our comfort. In the kindergarten two by two hold each other's hands either across the low tables or standing up in opposite rows while they swing backwards and forwards, and the teacher sings the song until they can all sing and move together. The baby in the household is held in lap, or if old enough, it is requested to stand up nice and erect, the heels together, and kept so during the swinging movement. Thus it becomes an excellent exercise for the muscles of the child's arms and spine.

What applies to the introduction to the child of this song applies to every other, for it is a foolish practice to let a child babble after us what has not previously been thoroughly explained to him, and will not therefore exercise his reflective powers in the least.

CONTINUATION OF THE BALL PLAY.

The infant is to be amused with the red ball from day to day until all the various exercises have been gone through with, or the child shows less interest in its appearance, when the blue one should be substituted.

To-day mamma brings the little playmate for baby, she lifts it up high in the air and sings.

"Up, up, up—down, down, down—or higher up—lower down! always suiting the key of the voice to the action. When she changes the movement she sings,

"Nearer, nearer—further, further—or, the little ball comes, the little ball goes! It comes—it goes."

Harry grows more and more interested, perhaps he is not in his little bed, but sitting up on a shawl on the lounge in the sitting room, Mamma lets baby's hand take hold of the

cord with her's and make the little ball hop over the other little hand saying,

"Hop over here, hop over there, over here, over there," Or she sings,

Over here, over there, see our little ball swing.
While mamma happily to her little baby sings.

Or she sings, while swinging the ball,

My ball, it loves to swing, } So merrily, so cheerily, oh see
And mamma loves to sing, } the ball can swing.

Excited to self action by all this play with mamma, the baby will be quite content to allow her to resume her sewing near by. When the ball is to be put away, the swinging may be done over the box in which it finally disappears with these words,

"It didn't go over, its gone in there,
We cannot find it anywhere,
The little ball has gone to rest,
See it in its little nest!
By, by, little ball!"

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Days in My School.

No. III.

I sat in my school-room at the close of a last April day I studied "grades" until grading was fast becoming my special hobby, and I feared that I might even equal my Director in his intense devotion to this subject. I had pored over the catalogue of "White Lake graded schools" until "water ran from my eyes," and I was fain to apply some of the ointment of that good old "Horace" of classical days, when he was on his famous visit to Brundisium. Its fulsome pages were indelibly impressed upon my memory, and its glowing characters glared at me like red hot steel. I could only see "eighth grade, seventh grade, sixth grade, first grade—first grade, eighth grade, seventh grade, sixth grade;"—"catalogue of White Lake graded public schools"—"Duties of teachers"—"Duties of pupils"—"Rules for the maintenance of order upon school grounds"—"Address of Principal, Professor J. Wilhelm Carlstadt," Ph.B. and D.D.L., to the Director and school trustees of White Lake graded public schools—Patrons of the board, etc.

The perspiration stood upon my forehead. It rolled, as it were, great drops upon the ground, it stood in the hollow of my hands, I felt it upon my ankles, I had toiled all day in a room, the thermometer at eighty degrees (in the shade of that day, it had stood eighty.) Eighty pupils had been present. That morning at eight o'clock, I had started for my school-room—I had expected to find it cool, a retreat from the burning sun, which even then gave tokens of the coming day's fervor, but I opened my door—the fringing pines gave a burnt smell, they were hardly fragrant with the freshness of those sighing woods, the hot air poured out into my face as if from the seething crater of an Etna, my very hair bristled, it crackled in the breeze—what could be the cause of such intense cremation? I entered, though not without fear, for I had learned already to be prepared for any emergency—alas for the comfort of that morning and the day—my janitor, a boy of 14, thinking it incumbent upon him to follow the laws of the ancient Medes, and inasmuch as he had built a flaming fire every day through the past winter and spring, still, had not relaxed his diligence, and the most incorrigible maple logs were burning in the large stove which decorated the central part of my room. The seething air rushed into my face as I stood upon the threshold—it was like a monsoon, Sahara's sirocco was hardly worse. In vain I attempted to ventilate—I rushed to the windows, but my Director, fearing outside depredations, had ordered them nailed fast—also imagining colds, I presume, and catarrh for the children. Fresh air was not a part of his grade work surely. Neither with hammer, shovel, or pick-axe, which I borrowed from the neighbors, could I succeed in ejecting a single current of this heating air. 9 o'clock came, and the children entered. The fire still burned, in undiminished ardor, for maple logs, as all western people know are not easily quenched. Eighty heads faced me and the burning fire. I rung my bell. Order must be enforced, and lessons learned, for would the school board have allowed me to dismiss my school even for an hour? Nay, Etna might burn, but we must remain, prisoners imprisoned in Victor Hugo's burning temple. The hot tears ran down the cheeks of my little children, but we endured. My maple logs burned—and burned through the day; we studied, our lessons were learned and recited. I feared the Director's wrath, for well I knew that should I dismiss my pupils, even one single one of my eighty, before the long hand of my clock should rest upon that figure four, so portentous, and so carefully watched, the releaser of restless pupils and tired teachers, the children set to watch the new teacher would repeat to him the exact truth, with a certainty, and he would surely deduct my wages to the full amount!

Although I am teaching upon an exorbitant salary, nev-

ertheless, even one dollar is worth my attention. Dry goods are abundant and cheap, still, it seems strange, but I am obliged to put a piece here and a patch there, to eke out my wardrobe and make it appear respectable and equal to my position as teacher of the first primary department of White Lake graded public schools. I have lengthened my overskirt, and shortened my trail, pieced up the back breadth of my underskirt, with old calico, to save buying new, at 8 cents per yard, and yet with the utmost economy, I can scarcely see how I am going to make the year's expenses meet, and supply even my most necessary wants. "Still, I am teaching upon an exorbitant salary." I had intended to attend one of the classical schools of Boston, for the purpose of refreshing my memory in my studies in the languages which has become rather rusty. Here, too, I should become refreshed, and prepared for the coming year's labor, form new acquisitions in mental work, new acquaintances in that great, new and untried world, so large and so unknown to us poor teachers, shut up within these cloistered walls of school work and school teaching.

But, hardly, such things are not for the common ones, like those who teach in White Lake graded schools; but a few and perhaps those who need them the least. It is for us to train the tender mind, and be satisfied with small work. God shall know, and the angels, and, perchance, our names shall be written in that White Book, and the Lord shall say "Thou hast been faithful in a few things."

SARAH STERLING.

Collecting Insects.*

These lessons, as well as the preceding ones are prepared with the understanding that the pupils shall make a collection as far as possible of the species of animals studied. In fact, it is a part of the lesson to know how and where to collect, and above all to know how to preserve the specimens collected. To enable the pupils to do this, the briefest directions are given for the making of boxes, nets, etc., accompanied with the simplest methods of preserving the collections made.

In many cases the directions given are by no means the professional methods; thus the pupils are directed to use common pins for insects, while the professional collector uses only the true insect-pins made expressly for the purpose, but these are oftentimes difficult to procure, and are more expensive than the common ones.

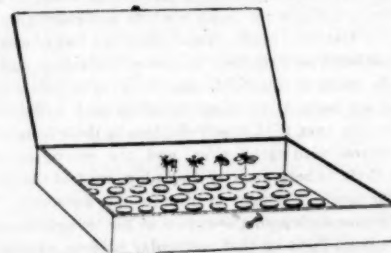
In commencing these lessons, each pupil must first be provided with a number of common pins, and a box properly arranged in which to pin the insects collected.

Some holiday afternoon, or an afternoon before school-time in the morning may be spent in making the insect-boxes. These may be of any convenient size, having a depth of not over two and a half or three inches, and furnished with a lid. A shallow cigar-box will answer the purpose. The bottom of the box may be lined with strips of corn-pith, or slices of cork, into which pins can be easily stuck. Large cork-stoppers will do, and these may be cut into lozenge-shaped pieces like this:

These pieces are to be fastened to the bottom of the box by gluing. If strips of corn-pith are used, they may be tacked or glued to the bottom of the box. The box, when finished, will look something like this:



Sliced Cork for Insect-Box.



The insects, when collected, are to be pinned to the cork in the way figured, leaving the head of the pin sufficiently above the insect to grasp with the fingers.

Care must be taken not to have the insect too far down on the pin, as its legs in that case would touch the bottom of the box, and break off. Insects may be killed by immersing them in alcohol for a few minutes.



Insect pinned.

Butterflies may be killed by compressing the body between the thumb and forefinger, as shown in the figure, using just force enough to kill, without crushing them. The fumes of benzine, or ether, and of certain poisons, will also kill insects, but these substances should not be suggested to young pupils, as their use is dangerous. (Teachers will here use their judgment according to the character of their classes.)

*From Morse's First Book of geology. Published by D. Appleton & Co.



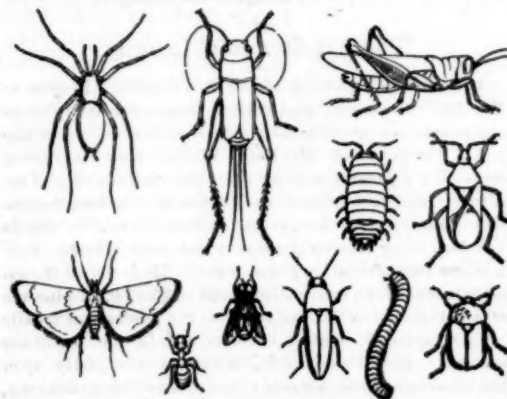
The rude box and common pins are offered simply for experimental collections. The ingenuity of a pupil, where neater collections are desired, will readily secure better ways of making them.

The pupils may go out in a class in quest of material for study, and this is the best way, as the activity and success of one will act as a stimulus to the others.

In the country, the best places to collect are by the roadsides; or borders of woods and groves; in the gardens, and by the fences, or along the shores of lakes and brooks, under stones and stumps, the bark of fallen trees, or beneath the layers of dead leaves. Insects are scarce in deep woods, and in large, open tracts of pasture-land.

In the cities, the parks and gardens will afford good collecting-grounds, as under plank walks and boards many insects find shelter. Alongside of railroad-tracks the discarded sleepers often hide many a curious beetle. In short, let the pupil peer under any object large enough to afford shelter to these creatures. By following the furrows made by a plow, certain kinds will surely be met with. The pupil must be urged to pick up every thing that he thinks is an insect, such as grasshoppers, beetles, flies, ants, spiders, etc.

In a single holiday afternoon the pupil will have gathered some of the following animals:



The animals are now to be carefully examined. Let the pupils pick out, and arrange together in one portion of the box, all of those which have three pairs of legs. In some, the legs will be closely drawn to the body, but by sharp looking they will be found.

After studying these carefully, the pupil will observe that those insects which have three pairs of legs have the body divided into three regions, or parts, called respectively the *head*, *thorax*, and *abdomen*, and that, with few exceptions, they all have wings. Insects having these characters are called *Insects proper*. They are also called *Hexapoda*, a word meaning six legs.

Some insects have the three parts of the body distinctly separated, as in the ants, flies, and wasps. In other insects the parts of the body are very close together, so that it is difficult to distinguish the dividing line, as in certain beetles.

THE school-room is no place for teachers of feeble and frail constitutions. Our profession calls for, yes, imperatively demands, a sound body as well as a sound, cultivated mind. Do we who are in this field of labor, to-day, possess this important boon? Did we possess it at the outset of our teaching? Are we, now, striving to attain it by living in accordance with the laws of health, that our ability in the school-room be not repaid? If so, well; but if not, we are remiss in duty and shall be held responsible. Every teacher at any school, whatever, should be conversant with the laws of health as laid down and inculcated in

our best text books on that subject. Every such teacher thus informed, if he takes care of himself, will be apt to look to the sanitary condition of his pupils. Every teacher who can, but does not inform himself on this subject is culpable, and ought not to be continued in charge even of a common district school. What is our ability in this matter? How far are we educated in these vital principles? Do we realize that we are as foster-parents five days in every school week, of all pupils under our instruction, and that possessing the ability or not, we are alike responsible for the care of body, mind and heart?

In the make-up of a successful teacher, *disposition* and *manners* exert a powerful influence. Parents cannot be too careful in selecting teachers to instruct their children. Since teachers infuse their disposition into that of their pupils, and ingraft upon them their manners, it follows that the ability of instructors in these points should fully meet all demands. Who does not know what power the teacher has over his pupils, to cause them to cluster about him, and hang willingly, and almost constantly, upon his words and instructions. What a psychological influence *true politeness*, a *kind and even disposition*, have upon the plastic mind and heart of *any one*, but *especially* upon the *young and confiding pupil*. We are all creatures of habits. Man is often called a "bundle of habits," and *happy* is he whose *habits* are his *friends*. The *habits* of the teacher are the *habits* of his school. If he is strictly punctual, he can require punctuality of his pupils. If he is negligent in this matter, they quickly learn from their living. If he is neat and orderly, they intuitively perceive it, and though disorderly themselves, they more readily than they otherwise would receive in themselves a change for the better.

It is quite well known that the government of China has sent to this country more than a hundred picked young men to be educated at the cost of the empire for the public service. The present number of students is 112; their work is done in Hartford, Connecticut, where the Chinese government has erected for their use a large house at a cost of \$50,000. In this building their Chinese education is carried forward; their American training is received in the schools of Hartford and its neighborhood. The history of this Chinese educational commission, as given in a recent lecture by the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell before the Yale Law School, is stranger than fiction. Yung Wing, its projector, was a pupil in a Christian mission school in China, and was brought in 1847, by the Rev. S. R. Brown, a missionary of the American Board, to the United States. In 1850 he entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself in English composition, and graduated in 1854. While in college he formed the purpose of returning home and inducing the government to send young men to America to be educated. He was without friends or patronage in China. It cost him sixteen years of unsparring exertion to reach a position where he could influence the minds of the emperor's advisers. At length, in 1871, his scheme was approved, and the sum of \$1,500,000 appropriated for its execution. Two commissioners direct the education of the young men. It may be added that Yung Wing has long been a decided Christian.

TO ILLUSTRATE GRAVITY.—Take a piece of string, a lead-pencil or a short stick, and a piece of brass or steel chain not larger than a small watch-chain. Tie to the middle of a lead-pencil a piece of string about three feet long. Suspend so that the pencil will balance itself. Now twist the end of the string between the thumb and the first finger of the right hand, steadying and holding the string with the left hand. A circular motion will thus be communicated to the pencil, and it will revolve around the point on which it is suspended. Tie a piece of white string around the middle of the pencil, or its centre of gravity, simply to show the position of that point. Now, again tie the first piece of string half-way between the end of the pencil and the centre of gravity, simply to show the position of that point. Now, again tie the first piece of string half-way between the end of the pencil and the centre of gravity, and communicate the circular motion described above, and we shall observe that the pencil will still revolve around its centre of gravity, the point marked by the white string being at rest. It can thus be shown that anything, of whatever shape, will revolve on its shortest diameter. If the end links of the chain referred to above be hooked together, and the string tied to a link, and the circular motion given, it will be observed that the chain begins to take an elliptical form, which gradually approaches that of a circle, until at last it becomes a circle, and then it revolves horizontally. This shows that even a ring is subject to the same law—that is, revolves on its shorter axis, the centre of gravity. Simple as this experiment is, it illustrates the revolution of the earth on its shorter diameter.

ENOCH EMERY is editor of the Peoria (Illinois) Transcript. A few months ago he married a Miss Mary Whitstead, who

at the time was superintendent of schools in that county. In the course of time the election season rolled around, and the lady aspired, for a renomination before the county convention. Her husband was a delegate, and the following account of how he presented her to the convention is given in an Illinois paper: "When Enoch Emery arose in the Peoria county convention to nominate the candidate for county superintendent of schools, there came a sudden lull in the proceedings. Everyone became interested, and the delegates leaned forward in breathless attention. One could have heard a horse cough in that awful stillness. The emotion extended even to the good Enoch himself. He arose, diffidently toying with his spectacles, first cleaning them with a new cambric handkerchief, and then placing them on his forehead said: 'I put in nomination for the office of county superintendent of schools Mrs. Mary Whitstead [a long pause] Emery. [Fluttering among the delegates.] I nominated her four years ago [sensation], and as I was in some responsible for her as an official, I got to watching her. [Cheers.] I watched her close and saw her real worth. [Encouraging cheers.] I was drawn nearer and nearer to her, [cries of 'good! Go on!'] and the closer I got to her the better I liked her.' [Storms of cheers.] She was nominated without a dissenting voice.

THERE are some teachers like old Charlotte, who had the most exalted opinion of her own individuality. Whenever a subject was under discussion in the family, Charlotte would be sure to state her own superior method of proceeding in such matters. On one occasion the lady was talking of sending the children to school, when Charlotte put in her oar as usual:

"Lor! missus," she said, "what mek you pay money fur to send the chile to school? I got one smart boy named Jonus, but I larns him myself."

"But, Aunt Charlotte," replied the lady, "how can you teach your child, when you don't know one letter from another?"

"How I teach him? I jest mek him tek de book an' set down on de flo, and den I say, 'Jonus, you tek ye eye from dat book, much less eggo him, an' I skins you alive!'"

FREEZING MIXTURES.—Pulverize finely chloride of ammonia and nitrate of potash, five parts of each, and mix with sixteen parts of water. The temperature of the mixture will be reduced so low that if a test-tube with a little water in it be used to stir it, the water in the tube will be converted into ice. Take a small saucepan, and, having made a little pool of water upon a wooden stool, set the saucepan upon it; then throw in a handful of snow or powdered ice, and a handful of common salt; now stir with a stick, and the cold generated will be sufficient to freeze the saucepan to the table or stool even before a large fire.

A NEW SACRAMENT.—The London *Examiner* says that, the other day at one of the schools in Edinburgh, an examiner asked the pupils of a particular class to explain what the sacraments were. The first—baptism—was given readily enough but a dead silence followed. The examiner repeated his demand for the next sacrament, and again his demand was met by silence. Suddenly a bright little boy stepped forward to announce that he knew, and, amid the breathless interest of the whole class, put his right hand to the top of his left shoulder, and exclaimed "Vaccination."

THE School Committee of Boston has been contemplating the subject of industrial education. The apparatus and tools of one of the industrial schools are offered the committee for the purpose of experiment, but there is no certainty that the system will be incorporated into the course of instruction in the public schools of Boston. The Principals of the Grammar School favor the idea, as a rule, on the ground that the physical pursuits, combined with the mental, will do much to preserve the health and develop the strength of many nervous lads.

THE schools of the District of Columbia are in the same same condition of embarrassment as those of many other places, that is, without money in the treasury to run them. An appropriation of \$75,000 was needed and asked for in order to carry them on until the end of the year, but the Bolons of Congress, bent upon economy and reform, refuse to take action in the matter, and the consequence will probably be the closing of the schools.

THE Monmouth (Ill.) School Board at its last monthly meeting passed two resolutions which caused much amazement and disappointment among the teachers of the city schools. The first was that the schools should close Friday, May 24, nearly a month earlier than usual. The second, that Principals shall receive 75 per cent. less salary, and assistant teachers 80 per cent. less next year than at present!

WOOD-CARVING is one of the arts taught in Illinois Female College, Jacksonville. Some of the specimens of work done by the pupils, such as carved book-racks and parlor-cases are charming.

New York School Journal,

AND

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY.

NO. 17 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

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The SCHOOL JOURNAL can be obtained of any news-dealer in the United States. The American News Company of New York, general agents.

We want an agent in every town and village in the U. S. to whom we will pay a liberal commission.

The columns of the JOURNAL are open for the discussion of subjects pertaining to education. Let those who have practical skill communicate it to others.

Should this paper by any means come into the hands of one not a subscriber, we ask you (1) to consider it a special invitation to subscribe; (2) to hand it to a teacher or other person who is interested in education, and urge him to take it also.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1878.

This copy of the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL may possibly fall into the hands of one who is not a subscriber; consider then, that a piece of good fortune has befallen you, and send in your subscription at once. If you are teacher and are a subscriber to no educational paper, you do yourself an injury you have no right to do. It may be set down as an undeniable fact that every "live teacher" takes an educational paper.

To print one or more essays on education will not make the kind of JOURNAL we propose. Especially do we want to hear from the teachers. Is there a single subscriber who has not written a letter, article, essay, criticism for the JOURNAL, that one we want to hear from.

We send out a good many bills this week to subscribers. Friends, pay them up, in part, if you cannot the whole. Don't lay them down and put us to the trouble and expense of sending again. If you can't pay say so; if you won't pay say so; if you are going to pay do it at once.

We print to-day the second series of articles on the Kindergarten, by Mrs. Louise Pollock, Principal of the Normal Kindergarten at Washington. Mrs. Pollock is one of the ablest expounders of the system in this country and her writings will be read with profound interest; one of the best Commissioners of Schools in New York State writes: 'The first article is worth many times the price for a year.'

THERE may be such a thing as a teacher's existing for several years without taking an educational journal; they say they can and that is evidence—to them. A man once lived thirty years on the top of a pillar and slept standing; what may be done is one thing; what ought to be done is quite another. Some publishing houses in order to advertise their books, put forth a sheet or pamphlet with an educational name—send it out free several times a year. On these some teachers contrive to subsist; these are better than nothing at all—besides they cost nothing at all.

But really every teacher ought to do something to sustain educational journalism. Lately a young man came into the office, who receives the sum of \$10.00 per month, and subscribed, on the ground that he had read one number of the JOURNAL and found it so valuable that he must read it every week.

N. B. We should admire this act just as much if it had been any other educational journal.

Facts.

There are plenty of people who, looking on the outside, proclaim that the educational outlook is very flattering. It is easy to praise; it is hard to blame. Besides education is popular; in fact it is one of the most popular things of the day; all favor it; some from political motives, some from prudential considerations, and a vast number because by it they live. Let us stop and look at the matter a little in detail.

There are more than a quarter of a million of persons engaged in the business of enlightening the children of this land respecting the elements of knowledge—some, while doing this impress their own character on the pupil, teach the distinction between right and wrong, the inestimable value of character and, generally are a power in the school-room; others, and the great majority, do not go a step beyond the mere elements of knowledge. Large sums of money are being expended—with double the amount expended, does one suppose we get double the benefit? If so he is greatly mistaken; public sentiment says not.

Now we have constantly averred and proclaimed in these pages, that the important factor in education is the teacher—given a teacher and you have everything. There are those who look upon the school—the institution, as the element of importance, and this class is a very large one; it has had its way, still has its way, and promises, finally, to exterminate real education. This party produces tabular statements showing that so many children are in school, so many teachers are employed and so many dollars are expended. The other side ask for results. Is the school a powerful agent for producing a permanent reverence for the highest and best things, or is the low utilitarian tone of life either unaffected by it, or rendered still more utilitarian? To produce true results only teachers of the highest and noblest character are able; the present tendency is to set these aside, or to hamper their efforts. Nothing would be more edifying than a full and frank statement by the teachers, if it could be got; they might hesitate to say in public what they do in private; but what they do say is this,—we are, year by year, drifting from the old landmarks—not doing what is for the highest benefit of the pupil. What shall be done? Close the schools? By no means. Find men and women who can TEACH and put them inside of the school-room. Some one will start up in astonishment and say, "that is now being done." Not at all, say we, if facts are to be relied on. The space is too small to give details. But a mass of evidence could be presented showing that the schools are being looked upon by those who have a certain amount of education, as the Custom House and the Departments of the government, by the unemployed partisan—as having places. Before this tendency becomes fixed, there should be a reform instituted. The motto, the best men and women; not the one who can perform quadratic equations, but the one most able to build up our young people into knowledge, strength and goodness should be selected. One delusion must be removed—that every one that can pass a certain examination is fit to teach.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Board of Education.

The Commissioners met May 1, and determined not to close P. S. No. 6, and not to rehire the building. They dismissed the complaint against Miss Roberts (corporal punishment), but ordered requiring a pupil taking off his shoes; sustain Misses Roberts' and Keogh's appeal against transfers; order a new piano for P. D. S. No. 63; resolve to give the Nautical School a cruise and a letter of credit (600 pounds sterling); appropriated \$330,825 for salaries, etc.; Mr. Walker presented a resolution asking whether any reduction should be made in the salary and number of School Superintendents. No report offered respecting Mr. Morehouse.

THE question of abolishing the kindergartens is still under consideration in St. Louis, the School Board Committees discussing it with many words.

At the Board of Education.

Among the matters that came up was a report from the Teachers' Committee in reference to the charges of the Principal of P. D., G. S. No. 49 against Miss Roberts, which we gave almost in the words of the communication to the Superintendent. The committee in their report completely exonerated Miss Roberts. The charges grew out of the fact that a little boy was persistently noisy with his boots, and was required to take them off and sit in his stocking feet. This appears to be all that Miss Roberts was guilty of; and the verdict on that was an honorable acquittal. The JOURNAL has constantly taken the ground that the present By-law forbidding corporal punishment is injurious to the pupil's best interests; we believe it is quite as much so respecting the teachers.

The testimonial concert to Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Griswold, directors of the N. Y. Conservatory of Music, (5 East 14th street near 5th avenue) given by professors and pupils, came off April 27th. Two grand pianos were used, and four of the young ladies admirably acquitted themselves in a "Polonaise," and "Overture." Miss R. Cohen sang a "Grand Vocal Waltz," composed by Signor A. Tomasi, one of the instructors at the Conservatory. To say that this "Waltz" was a very finely written piece of music, would not be giving it half the praise it deserves; it must be heard to be appreciated. Miss Schwab on the piano and Mr. Carl Lanzer on the violin, together performed "Guglielmo Tell," and afterwards the latter named gentleman a Fantasia for the violin. Mr. Lanzer's violin execution is especially commendable. The delicacy of his touch, and the expression he gives to his playing are qualities which are seldom found in a violinist. The celebrated basso, Mr. James Harton sang "The Scout" with a gusto which delighted the audience. A pleasant variation to the music were some recitations by Mrs. Jessie S. Yenni, in her inimitable style. Madame Max Maretzek gave a harp solo that proved one of the most successful things on the programme. Miss Emily Mettler sang "County Guy" in an unmistakably fine voice. Master Fred. Hilliard and a couple of other gentlemen with Dr. Walter as accompanist sang Mendelssohn's "On a Lake." W. F. Mills played a "Tarantelle" by Chopin, in his always good manner. Altogether, this has been one of the best concerts of the season, as it could not very well be otherwise, with Max Maretzek as one of the managers.

The Art Students' League.

At the annual meeting of the Art Students' League, at No. 108 Fifth avenue, about forty of the members of the organization answered to their names at the calling of the roll. The president, Mr. Frank Waller, read his address, containing a general statement of the condition of the institution, and such measures as in his opinion were requisite to its prosperity. He gave an outline of what the schools had been doing during the season and some valuable suggestions for their future government. He proposed the establishment of an endowment fund of \$50,000, the income of which should be devoted solely to the purchase of artistic properties, books, studies, sketches, etc., for the use of the students; and, in conclusion, laid stress very justly upon the incomparable importance of strict attention to drawing, which is the foundation of excellence in art, but which in this country has been too often alighted.

The School Committee, Mr. C. Y. Turner, chairman, reported that since the 1st of October last, thirty eight different "models" had been employed in one hundred and fifty-eight different poses; that eight hours and half daily had been devoted to study from the nude figure; six hours daily to the study of the head of the living model before the 1st of January last, and since that time twelve hours daily, and one hour daily to sketching from the draped figure, making in all 1,377 hours to the life class, 1,440 to the portrait class, and 156 to the sketch class, a total number of 2,973 hours in six months and a half. So far as known, the greatest total number of hours similarly devoted in any other American institution is only 432. These figures speak very clearly, and are in themselves the best testimony to the work and the worth of the school.

The report of the Art Committee, Mr. F. S. Church, chairman, mentioned the unique educational character of the monthly exhibitions of the League. The report of the treasurer, Mr. R. G. Hardie, Jr., showed that the total receipts for the fiscal year were \$4,117.63, and the total disbursements \$4,832.90, leaving a remainder of \$264.78. The principal expenses was \$1,510 for models. The officers for the following year are Mr. Frank Waller, president; Mr. F. S. Church, and Mrs. J. F. Baker, vice-presidents; Mr. C. Y. Turner, Mr. W. St. J. Harper, and Miss Lena Rowley, members of the Board of Control. This is composed exclusively of artists and students, ladies and gentlemen, who intend to follow art as a profession. The maintenance of

schools for the thorough academic study of drawing and painting, the encouragement of a spirit of fraternity, and the collection of books and works of art for the use and instruction of its members. The officers of the society constitute a Board of Control, to which is committed the entire management of the schools, the transaction of all business and the furtherance of the artistic and library objects of the association. In this way the responsibility of maintaining the classes is placed upon those of the more advanced students who are actually at work in the several classes, who have an active interest in the advancement of the purposes of the society, and who are personally responsible to the League for the success of its schools. The income of the society is secured by an equitable distribution of dues, which are placed at a figure just sufficient to defray the actual working expenses of the classes. As the school is intended only for the most advanced study, no one can enter the classes except professional artists and those students who, having passed through the necessary course of study from casts in the unique school, are sufficiently advanced to draw or paint from the living model; and so no one is admitted who has not attained this degree of excellence, the standard maintained is higher than that of any similar school in the country.

Three daily life classes are kept in continuous operation for eight months of the year, beginning October 1. The morning life class, which is for gentlemen, meets at nine o'clock, and is in session for three hours. In either of these classes the more advanced students may paint or draw at their option. The evening life class, which is much larger than the others, meets at half past seven and lasts until ten P. M., and is attended by those students whose occupations prevent them from studying during the day. The classes in portrait painting meet on each day of each week at nine A. M., and last until four P. M. The establishment of this painting school is the first successful effort in this city to maintain classes where portrait painting is taught by competent instructors at a cost which brings it within the reach of all students. The Sketch class, which assembles every afternoon at 4 o'clock, and is in session for one hour, numbers upwards of seventy members, ladies and gentlemen, who pose for each other alternately. This gives a change of model every day, and as the students usually pose in some quaint or picturesque costume, an extremely varied and interesting series of sketches are obtained during the season, and the hand is trained to great accuracy in rapid sketching. Many artists who paint in their studios during the day find this class a very pleasant as well as instructive relaxation from their more severe toil. In the Composition class a subject for illustration is selected each week and the students contribute sketches in pencil, ink or color. These drawings are placed on exhibition for the week, during which time they receive the criticisms of the professor. The object of this class is to train the student to correct principles in composing and arranging his design. Arrangements have been made for a course of lectures on anatomy, perspective and composition.

A library of books relating to art is being accumulated, and drawings, engravings, etc., are acquired from time to time. Social meetings of members are held monthly, at which are collected exhibitions of studies, sketches, and other works of art for the instruction of the students. One of the most encouraging features of the League is the number of artists of reputation who have entered the classes as students, and the society now numbers among its working members men whose works in painting and sculpture rank second to none in the exhibitions of the National Academy.

LETTERS.

Your JOURNAL comes round regularly as the postman. You asked me to write and so I will; but you will not always welcome me, for I propose to criticize—what you hardly dare to do. (Here is where our writer is mistaken; we only need to ask him to look over this file.—ED. JOURNAL.) I am hard at work day by day and "could a tale unfold," Some reader will want to make a pun, but I declare I am not the missing link—unless the schoolmaster is such. And why is he not between the post darkness and the coming light.

Education is one of the most glorious verities. But I forget I am not to write an essay on education. I propose simply to act somewhat as critic, humbly, and somewhat in fear and doubt as to my capacity. The handiest thing to criticize is the SCHOOL JOURNAL itself. You say every "live" teacher takes an educational journal. Now that is a mistake. Why, bless your soul, there are several live men and women in this city and Brooklyn (and here I feel like praying for the teachers of Brooklyn; they are a benighted set and don't know it) who have never as much as heard that there is an educational journal. They think that it was the immortal Noah Webster who cried out to John Adams "Sink or swim—live or die." The idea about the

benighted dwellers on the Congo" is good; some of those Stanley shot I suppose. When I come to the idea about having only good teachers in our school-rooms, all levity is taken out of me; I feel like shedding tears. No such effort is made in this city at least. But what can be done I beg to know? You give a long description of Packard's Business College. I think the article is most interesting. I have always been interested in the work of that man; he is a genuine educator—dead in earnest. His scholars imbibe his severe yet sincere ways. Such a man is an honor to the city.

WILLIAM THE TESTY.

BOOK NOTICES.

FIRST LESSONS IN FRENCH by Emma E. Bullet, illustrated. Van Antwerp Bragg & Co., Cincinnati and New York.

This book belongs to the "Eclectic Educational Series," and we should judge is a very good way of teaching French. Perhaps the words of the author in the preface will give a better idea of what it is designed to be. It has been the aim of the author to present a book attractive and entertaining to children, to make the study of French a pleasure rather than a task, and to gradually prepare the way for the dry technicalities of more advanced books. The plan pursued is not an experiment, but the result of twelve years' experience in teaching the language to teachers. The author's own success with this method of teaching induces her to present this little volume to her fellow-laborers in the field, hoping it may meet their approval, and prove of some assistance in lightening their labors.

The *Dialogue*—always illustrated—to be committed to memory and recited in the form of conversation. It is also used as an exercise in dictation, the best means of instruction in spelling.

The *Exercise*, is to be translated into French.

The *Conversation*, a series of questions in French, to which the child is required to reply in French.

No. 15 OF ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS IN POETRY AND PROSE, published by P. Garrett & Co., Philadelphia, is now at hand. Like the preceding numbers it will be sure to be met with favor, and the publishers called upon for "more." Teachers will find among the hundred pieces some which will exactly meet their wants. We shall endeavor to give our readers a view of this book by printing some recitations in the pages of the JOURNAL.

Wide Awake for May is a first rate number. The two serials "True Blue" and "A General Misunderstanding" are still as interesting as ever. "Left-handed Luck" is a sprightly little sketch of German life. Poems, short stories, pictures, and the usual departments fill the number.

St. Nicholas for this month is bright and cheerful with many illustrations. "How Mandy went Rowing with the Cap'n." The continued story "Under the Lilacs," by Louise M. Alcott. "The Story of May Day," by Olive Thorne, are some of the most interesting articles.

Spelling Reform.

We give elsewhere an extract from the SPELLING REFORMER, edited by Mrs. Burras. We believe in this business, foolish as some esteem it. The present spelling and the present style of dress for ladies are equally sensible—both need reforming.

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY A SLAVE POWER.

We ar could az literary men tu real with a more formidable rong than African Slavery ever woz. In its wurst fazes sumthing gud cud be sed in mitigashon if not in justifikashon ov that grate bloch upon English and American civilizashon. It woz at leest profitabl to the slaveholderz. The to which demandz our attentshon iz a fo tu aul. It oppressez aul, it impoverishes aul, and enriches nup. It begins with the child in the nursery, it dogz him throo his scol days, it benets his path throo college, and torments him amidst his gratest successz in the professional and literary pursutes ov mature life; and that enemy iz the Spelling Buk.

The bare mentshon ov the spelling buk shud arouse the richus indignashon ov every scolar. It suggests yeers ov perplexity and toil, with at best but parshal success. Not wun ov yoo can spel correctly, the meny ov yoo hav attained enviabl eminens in yoor several caulings, and those ov yoo hoo spel with even tolerabl correctnes dou it at grate expens of time and labor. A literary gentlman ov no meen reputashon, asserts that he has spent more than too yeers ov his literary life in consulting the dictionary on spelling alone. It wud surprize eny wun hoo has not bin in posishon to observ, tu lern how very few spel correctly. In an editorial life ov foreteen yeers, with correspondents among the most eminent lawyers, doctors, ministers, edudators, politishans and biznes men, I seldom found wun hoo masu-

script did not need the correcting hand ov the "compositor." Blessed compositor! He iz the editor's frend az wel as the frend ov the correspondent; and compositorz ar the only men az a clas hoo uniformly spel with even tolerabl correctnes, and the wel thumd dictionary ov the composing room attests the labor spent in acquiring the art, and how tu the last the oldest and best ov them distrust thare ability tu conform tu the whims ov the the tirant.

THERE are in this country 85,880 federal office-holders, or one to every ninety voters. When to these are added the State, county, city, borough and town officers, it is calculated by a Washington correspondent that every forty-five voters must support by their labors at least one man in order to maintain our present form of government. Liberty is an inestimable blessing, but it is expensive.

BECAUSE of the irresponsible attacks by the *Yale News* on the senior societies, the faculty prohibit the publication of any college paper not containing the names of the editors.

From the Scholar's Companion.

Ben Harvey.

BY JOHN R. DENNIS.

CHAPTER II.

In a second or two, despite the strange place in which he found himself, he had scrambled out of the bunk, and up the steep stairs to the deck where he found both Jacob and Clark.

"Canal sharks, again," said the latter.

Nothing was to be seen except the team standing still in the distance, and a dim light coming from the window of a grocery which, on the canal, is always a rum-shop. The boat was lying beside the tow-path, and the captain was absent from the tiller. This seemed to be understood by Jacob, who was familiar with the captain's ways, for he said, with emphasis:

"I'll bet he's in old Sweeney's place, dead drunk."

"Hallo there."

At this, a door opened in the grocery, and a man with a pipe in his mouth, put his head out of the door, and surveying the scene, slowly answered:

"Hallo!"

"We've been robbed."

At this the head turned back into the grocery and evidently communicated the fact, for in a moment there was shuffling of feet, and a half dozen men emerged from the little den and stepped out on the tow-path, put their hands in their pockets and called out:

"Hey, been robbed? Who did it? Get much?"

Ridley was not among them. Jacob called out,

"Where's the captain?"

"He's inside."

Now, Mrs. Ridley, awakened by the voices, put her head above deck and shrieked out:

"Is he drowned, oh, is he drowned?"

For the captain's wife had a constant "presentiment" that the "whole caboodle would go to the bottom some day;" she had said it many times over, and believed it most firmly.

"No, no, he ain't drowned he's drunk," said Jacob.

This was worse news even to the poor woman; in fact she had prophesied "that Ridley would make a fool of himself," during the evening; for she had noticed that whenever he made a trade of any kind, he invariably got drunk. The purchase of the harness and the new tow line had been too much for the captain; they found him sitting in one corner of the shop, leaning against a flour-barrel, and so drunk he could hardly walk. By dashing some cold water on him, he was partly aroused and got on board of his craft.

A consultation was had about hunting for the thief who had taken Ben's money and Clarke's coat.

"It's the Loomises, I'll bet," said one of the speakers.

"Who are they," asked Ben.

"Why they live up on the hill yonder, and they never do a stitch of work and yet they get along better than those who do. Hank Loomis gets something of every boat that stops. I saw him skulking behind the barn the day that boat lost a buffalo-robe."

"Wa'n't the constable up there to-day, searching for an ax for Pete Morris?" said another.

"Yes, and he never found anything of it; why, they hid it away."

"How much did the boy have?"

"Well, nigh on eighteen dollars," said Clark.

"Sho," said one named Butler, "how did the little chap get so much?"

"His aunt died, and he's going out to see his uncle. What are you going to do, Ben; we've got to start up the team."

"Do you think I could make 'em give it up," said Ben to Mr. Butler; for despite his loafing habits he was evidently a man of good judgment.

"Well, I can't say; 'twouldn't do any hurt to try. I'm justice, and will give you a search warrant if you say so. You can go home and stay with me to-night, and go up there in the morning."

This seemed to be the best plan to him, and so Ben walked along with the farmer; not only farmer, but cattle dealer and horse trader. These two occupations, probably, brought him into such company as he was found in, and not the desire for liquor.

The next morning the constable, who proved to be a shoemaker, started out with Ben to search the Loomis' house.

"'Twon't be of any use, I tell ye," said the officer, "they are too smart. Why they could put the coat and money where we could never find them."

They were received with surprise and sneers by the inmates of the red house on the hill.

"Look all over the house; none of us have been out since yesterday afternoon," said one, "have we Nance?" appealing to a tall, comely-looking young woman.

"No, indeed," she replied with scorn.

"Well, I've nothing to do with it," said the constable, evidently somewhat afraid. He went into the kitchen, and then into the parlor, and finally, came out saying he had found nothing. While he was gone, Nance asked Ben how he got the money. She seemed to feel quite sorry for him.

"Hank, give the boy a dollar to help him along in his journey."

"Haint no dollar," said Hank.

They returned to the justice's house, and Ben shed many tears over his loss.

"Hadn't you better go back to Pecksburg, as you have'n't any money?" said Mr. Butler.

"No," said Ben, "there are too many boys there now. I'll go out to Detroit, and find Uncle Peter."

Mrs. Butler was a quiet woman, who kept her house as "neat as wax," for so the neighbors described it. She listened to the conversation and then said:

"Husband, I'm going to lend this boy two dollars. He can send it to us when he earns it."

"Sho, he'll never send it back."

"Yes, I will," said Ben.

"Well, suit yourself," said the man, "I wouldn't do it."

There were tears in the woman's eyes. Ben saw them. He thought they were of pity; but they were of remembrance. She thought of an only son, a wild, wayward boy, who had read lying stories in wicked newspapers prepared for boys, until he was totally demoralized. He grew idle, profane and reckless, and finally, when his father had chastised him for telling a lie about collecting some money he disappeared. This was three years previous; he had never been seen since; he was a vagabond somewhere. The mother often thought of the absent, only son; she thought of him this morning; and determined to help this stranger-lad, as she would wish some one to aid Henry Butler at that moment.

The justice went down to the canal with Ben, and soon an old scow came along and stopped to buy some groceries.

"Don't you want to take this boy to Buffalo," said the justice; "he's trying to get to Detroit to find his uncle."

"Yes, if he'll help; don't take any passengers you know."

This captain was a queer-looking man—but there was no choice for Ben, so he went on board, bidding Mr. Butler goodbye.

That afternoon they reached Rochester, and Ben was set to work; he drove the horses at times; he pared some potatoes for the dinner; he sawed some wood; he rocked the baby while the captain's wife washed and hung up the clothes.

When the boat reached Buffalo they were all sorry to part with Ben. He had done what is a sure way to endear a child to older persons; he had been cheerfully helpful. Let every boy and girl who reads this try this sure recipe for obtaining the love of others; "think of them and help them." If Ben had learned no other lesson of aunt Betsy, this was sufficient. He had never seen it work so nicely; it made even the cross dog want to follow him.

"If you ever come my way, come to see us," said Mrs. Cook.

"Yes," said the captain, "we'll put the old scow up at Utica, and go up on the farm at Boonville; there's where we live. Come and see us."

Ben went around the city. It was on the shore of Lake Erie; and there were steamboats and sailing vessels innumerable. He went down the long main street, and passed many beautiful houses. The street had a row of lamps on each side; wagons, omnibuses and street cars were rattling up and down. He turned into a wide avenue that was shaded with trees, and walked on until his eye was arrested by a group of boys and girls coming out of a small building, near another, evidently a church. A long wagon was standing in front, and in it was a boy with a flag. They began to get in, a pleasant looking gentleman giving directions about their places. He caught sight of Ben, and said:

"There is plenty of room, we are going to the Park; come take a ride." The invitation could not be resisted and he was soon one of the merry crew. The flag waved its beautiful folds; the boys and girls laughed and talked as merry as happy children can.

Mr. Barker, the principal of one of the public schools, had also a class in the Sunday school, and had promised them a ride to the Park on some pleasant Saturday, and this was the

fulfillment of the promise. He sat near to Ben, and soon learned his destination.

"Why, boys here is a little fellow on his way to Detroit; let us make him happy while he stays in Buffalo. We don't let any one starve in Buffalo, do we?"

"Guess not," said one of the girls opening a basket; "look there."

It did look inviting; sandwiches, cakes, pies and sweetmeats were packed in delightful confusion. The Park was soon reached; it had in it a lake, where beautiful white swans sailed proudly about. Gaily painted boats were moored on the shore or were gliding over the water, filled with laughing children. Through the winding roads carriages were rolling smoothly along, and men on horseback were seen on the distant boulevard. It was a picture long to be remembered; Ben had never beheld so many and such beautiful sights. The party went at once to the lake and a boat was obtained and they were soon singing and laughing, with the others.

In an hour or so they came back, and sat together on the settees under the trees; here the provisions were distributed and the feast was enjoyed by all. After walking about awhile, the class got into the wagon again and drove back to the city.

"To-day is Saturday; you will not want to start before Monday. We will take care of you. Boys, Master Harvey has had bad luck; we'll be the good Samaritan to him, won't we?"

Mr. Barker had succeeded in interesting his scholars in practical Christianity. There are plenty of young people who can tell the names of Apostles who do not follow their teachings; and worse than this, who have read the beautiful history of Christ's short stay on earth and have imbibed none of his spirit. This class of about fifteen knew that their teacher looked at their deeds much more than their professions. They were encouraged to help others. "Love your neighbor, is the place to begin," he said frequently. If a boy crowded, or pinched, or made another uncomfortable—"That is the way the heathen do," he would quietly remark; and few could go on in the face of the peculiar smile and look he would then put on his countenance.

"We'll be the good Samaritan to him," was answered by Joseph Gridley.

"I'll take him home with me."

"And you'll have good quarters at Joseph's house, I'm certain," said Mr. Barker.

Ben went home with his new friend, and was nicely taken care of. He went to Sunday school and enjoyed himself very much, except that Mr. Gridley's house was so grand in comparison with the little cottage in Pecksburg, that he was not at ease. The fine pictures on the parlor walls, the soft carpets on the floors, the brilliant gas lights made it too much like a fairy scene. On Monday morning, Mr. Barker called for him and took him over to the docks—to the office of a flour-merchant.

"Here, Mr. Pollock, is the boy I spoke about. He wants to get to Detroit. Can you get him on a vessel?"

"Well, one of my propellers is going up to-day, and he can go on that."

"What is the fare?" said Ben.

"How much money have you got?"

"I have two dollars."

"Well, it will cost you a dollar."

Probably if he had but a dollar it would have cost but fifty cents.

Mr. Barker shook hands with Ben. He was strangely interested in him. He saw he was a straightforward, earnest, little fellow, who meant to do right and fight his own way. Such every good man delights to help. They detest those who shirk work and attempt to live on the labor of others.

The propeller was the Sally Ann, and it was loaded with dry goods; stoves, ploughs, shovels and hoes, forming the bulk of the cargo. At noon the vessel steamed out of the harbor; Ben was the only passenger. He sat on deck and observed the various objects of interest; there were many vessels laden with flour, wheat and corn; there were huge buildings used as storehouses; beside these were elevators by which the grain was carried up in a steady stream and piled in bins; there were the railroad cars being loaded by pipes, pouring from the warehouses; there the canal-boats, also being loaded, gradually settling lower and lower in the water as the bushels of grain poured in.

The city receded from view; only the steeples were now to be seen; after a while they disappeared, and the water on all sides was alone visible.

Captain Moseley had been looking at Ben, for some minutes, finally he said:

"Live in Detroit?"

"No, I'm going to find my uncle."

"Name?"

"Peter Winfield."

"Never heard of him. Business?"

"He is a lumber merchant."

The captain spent no time in talking; he however, was not disinclined to hear others talk, and became interested in hearing Ben's story.

"Detroit is a big place. Won't find him."

At the close of the second day they passed up the Detroit river, and tied the boat to a wharf covered with barrels filled with flour. Night came on too soon to enable Ben to go ashore and make inquiries. But the next morning he started off.

"Won't find him," was the farewell of the captain, as he went off the plank, leading to the shore. The words sounded ominous; for the first time he felt down-cast. He was alone in a strange city. He had never seen his uncle; he wondered if aunt Betsy had ever spoken of him in a letter. What if he did find him and he proved to be an unkind and wicked man. These and many other thoughts passed through his mind, as he threaded his way among the barrels and boxes piled on the wharf. It was early, but the carts were beginning to arrive; the streets now had none but workmen in them. The porters were opening the stores and sweeping off the sidewalks; the newsboys were shouting, "Morning papers." "Free Press and Advertiser;" the horse-cars were making trips at more and more frequent intervals; the grocery men were placing the vegetables outside their doors, and on all sides there was preparation for the business of the day. These sights were new and strange to Ben; they deeply interested him. He stood looking at the workmen putting up a new brick building. There were piles of brick in the street, and great beds of mortar also; men were stirring these latter, with hoes; their garments were white with lime. A row of planks led from the street to the walls that were slowly and steadily rising day by day; along this workmen walked carrying bricks and mortar.

Ben ventured to step on the planks so as to reach a platform, where, an active, energetic man, evidently the builder, stood watching the operations of the men; he held a roll of paper in his hand. Ben judged by the countenance of this gentleman that he would not rebuff his inquiries about his uncle; and was just about to address him when he stepped too near the edge of the platform; the plank tipped up and Ben was precipitated in a deep chasm, beside the walls, followed by bricks and planks.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Scholar's Companion.

Stories from Homer.

A great many years ago there was a city called Troy; it was in Asia, and the ruins of it can be seen to-day. It was besieged by the Greeks for ten years, and a great many bloody battles took place around the walls. The story of the war against Troy was told by Homer; it is written in the Greek language, and is read by all young men and women who study Greek in the Colleges. The reason of the war was that Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy carried off Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, one of the Greek chiefs. Then all the other chiefs joined to help punish the Trojans. The story has been written out lately by an English schoolmaster—Alfred J. Church. The first part is about

THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFS.

For nine years and more the Greeks had besieged the city of Troy, and, being more numerous and better ordered, and having very strong and valiant chiefs, they had pressed the men of the city very hard, so that these dared not go outside the walls. This being so, it was the custom of the Greeks to leave a part of their army to watch the besieged city, and to send a part on expeditions against such towns in the country round about as they knew to be friendly to the men of Troy, or as they thought to contain good store of provision and treasure. For, having been away from home now many years, they were in great want of things needful, nor did they care much, how they got them. "Are not all these," they were wont to say, "towns of the barbarians, and therefore lawful prey to men that are Greeks?" Now, among the towns with which they dealt in this fashion was Chrysa, which was sacred to Apollo, who had a great temple therein and a priest. The temple and the priest, the Greeks, fearing the anger of the god, had not harmed; but they had carried off with other prisoners the priest's daughter, Chryseis by name. Now, in the army of Greeks there were many kings ruling each his own people, and one who was sovereign lord over all, Agamemnon King of Mycenae. This sovereign lord went not commonly with the army on its expeditions, rather staying behind to see that the siege was not neglected, but he received, as indeed was fitting, a share of the spoil. This time the Greeks gave him, with other things, the maiden Chryseis. But there came to the camp next day the priest Chrysa, wishing to ransom his daughter. Much gold he brought with him, and he had on his head the priest's crown, that men might reverence him the more. He went to all the chiefs, making his prayer that they would take the gold and give him back his daughter. And they all spake him fair, and would have done what he wished. Only Agamemnon would not have it so.

"Get thee out, greybeard!" he cried in great wrath. "Let me not find thee lingering now by the ships, neither coming hither again, or it shall be the worse for thee, for all thy priesthood. And as for thy daughter, I shall carry her away to Argos when I shall have taken this city of Troy."

Then the old man went out hastily in great fear and trouble. And he walked in his sorrow by the shore of the sounding sea, and prayed to his god Apollo.

"Hear me, god of the silver bow. If I have built thee a temple, and offered thee the fat of many bullocks and rams, hear me, and avenge me on these Greeks!"

And Apollo heard him. Wroth he was that men had so dishonored his priest, and he came down from the top of Olympus, where he dwelt. Dreadful was the rattle of his arrows as he went, and his presence was as the night coming over the sky. Then he shot the arrows of death, first on the dogs and the mules, and then on the men; and soon all along the shore rolled the black smoke from the piles of wood on which they burned the bodies of the dead.

On the tenth day Achilles, who was the bravest and strongest of all the Greeks, called the people to an assembly. When they were gathered together he stood up among them and spake to Agamemnon—

"Surely it were better to return home than that we should all perish here by the plague. But come, let us ask some prophet, or priest, or dreamer of dreams, why it is that Apollo is so wroth with us."

Then stood up Calchas, best of seers, who knew what had been, and what was, and what was to come, and spake—

"Achilles, thou biddest me tell the people why Apollo is wroth with them. Lo! I tell thee, but thou must first swear to stand by me, for I know that what I shall say will anger King Agamemnon, and it goes ill with common men when kings are angry."

"Speak out, thou wise man!" cried Achilles; "for I swear by Apollo that while I live no one shall lay hands on thee; no, not Agamemnon's self, though he be sovereign lord of the Greeks."

Then the prophet took heart and spake, "It is on behalf of his priest that Apollo is wroth, for he came to ransom his daughter, but Agamemnon would not let the maiden go. Now, then, ye must send her back to Chrysa without ransom, and with her a hundred beasts for sacrifice, so that the plague may be stayed."

Then Agamemnon stood up in a fury, his eyes blazing like fire.

"Never," he cried, "last thou spoken good concerning me, ill prophet that thou art, and now thou tellest me to give up this maiden! I will do it, for I would not that the people should perish. Only take care, ye Greeks, that there be a share of the spoil for me, for it would ill besem the lord of all the host that he alone should be without his share."

"Nay, my lord Agamemnon," cried Achilles, "thou art too eager for gain. We have no treasures out of which we may make up thy loss, for what we got out of the towns we have either sold or divided; nor would it be fitting that the people should give back what has been given to them. Give up the maiden, then, without conditions; and when we shall have taken this city of Troy, we will repay thee three and four fold."

"Nay, great Achilles," said Agamemnon, "thou shalt not cheat me thus. If the Greeks will give me such a share as I should have, well and good. But if not, I will take one for myself, whether it be from thee, or from Ajax, or from Ulysses; for my share I will have. But of this hereafter. Now let us see that this maiden be sent back. Let them get ready a ship, and put her therein, and with her a hundred victims, and let some chief go with the ship, and see that all things be rightly done."

Then cried Achilles, and his face was black as thunder-storm, "Surely thou art altogether shameless and greedy, and, in truth, an ill ruler of men. No quarrel have I with the Trojans. They never harried oxen or sheep of mine. But I have been fighting in thy cause, and that of thy brother Menelaus. Naught carest thou for that. Thou leavest me to fight, and sittest in thy tent at ease. But when the spoil is divided, thine is always the lion's share. Small indeed is my part—a little thing, but dear. And this, forsooth, thou wilt take away! Now am I resolved to go home. Small booty wilt thou get then, methinks!"

And King Agamemnon answered, "Go, and thy Myrmidons with thee! I have other chieftains as good as thou art, and ready, as thou art not, to pay me due respect. I hate thee, with thy savage, bloodthirsty ways. And as for the matter of the spoil, know that I will take thy share, the girl Briseis, and fetch her myself, if need be, that all may know that I am sovereign lord here in the host of the Greeks."

Then Achilles was wild with anger, and he thought in his heart, "Shall I arise and slay this catiff, or shall I keep down the wrath in my breast?" And as he thought he laid his hand on his sword-hilt, and had half drawn his sword from the scabbard, when lo! the goddess Athene stood behind him (for Here, who loved both this chieftain and that, had sent her), and caught him by the long locks of his yellow hair. But Achilles marvelled much to feel the mighty grasp, and turned, and looked, and knew the goddess, but no one else in the assembly might see her. Then his eyes flashed with fire, and he cried, "Art thou come, child of Zeus, to see the insolence of Agamemnon? Of a truth, I think that he will perish for his folly."

But Athene said, "Nay, but I am come to stay thy wrath. Use bitter words, if thou wilt, but put up thy sword in its sheath, and strike him not. Of a truth, I tell thee that for this insolence of to-day he will bring thee hereafter splendid gifts, threefold and fourfold for all that he may take away."

Then Achilles answered, "I shall abide by thy command, for it is ever better for a man to obey the immortal gods." And as he spake he laid his heavy hand upon the hilt, and thrust back the sword into the scabbard, and Athene went her way to Olympus.

Then he turned him to King Agamemnon, and spake again, "Drunkard, with the eyes of a dog and the heart of a deer! never fighting in the front of the battle, nor daring to lie in the ambush! 'Tis a puny race thou rulest, or this had been thy last wrong. And as for me, here is this sceptre: once it was the branch of a tree, but a cunning craftsman bound it with bronze to be the sign of the lordship which Zeus gives to kings; as surely as it shall never again have bark or leaves or shoot, so surely shall the Greeks one day miss Achilles, when they fall in heaps before the dreadful Hector, and thou shalt eat thy heart to think that thou hast wronged the bravest of thy host."

And as he spake he dashed his sceptre on the ground and sat down. And on the other side Agamemnon sat in furious anger. Then Nestor rose, an old man of a hundred years and more, and counseled peace. Let them listen, he said, to his counsel. Great chiefs in the old days, with whom no man now alive would dare to fight, had listened. Let not Agamemnon take away from the bravest the prize of war; let not Achilles, though he was mightier in battle than all other men, contend with Agamemnon, who was sovereign lord of all the hosts of Greece. But he spake in vain. For Agamemnon answered—

"Nestor, thou speakest well, and peace is good. But this fellow would lord it over all, and he must be taught that there is one here, at least, who is better than he."

And Achilles said, "I were a slave and a coward if I owned thee as my lord. Not so; play the master over others, but think not to master me. As for the prize which the Greeks gave me, let them do as they will. They gave it; let them take it away. But if thou darrest to touch aught that is mine own, that hour thy life-blood shall redder on my spear."

Then the assembly was dismissed. Chryseis was sent to her home with due offerings to the god, the wise Ulysses going with her. And all the people purified themselves, and the plagued was stayed.

But King Agamemnon would not go back from his purpose. So he called to him the heralds, Talthybius and Eurybates, and said—

"Heralds, go to the tents of Achilles and fetch the maiden Briseis. But if he will not let her go, say that I will come myself with many others to fetch her; so will it be the worse for him."

Sorely against their will the heralds went. Along the sea-shore they walked, till they came to where, amidst the Myrmidons, were the tents of Achilles. There they found him sitting, but stood silent in awe and fear. But Achilles spied them, and cried aloud, "Come near, ye heralds, messengers of gods and men. 'Tis no fault of yours that ye are come on such an errand."

Then he turned to Patroclus (now Patroclus was his dearest friend) and said, "Bring the maiden from her tent, and let the heralds lead her away. But let them be witnesses, before gods and men, and before this evil-minded king, against the day when he shall have sore need of me to save his host from destruction. Fool that he is, who thinks not of the past nor of the future, that his people may be safe!"

Then Patroclus brought forth the maiden from her tent and gave her to the heralds. And they led her away, but it was sorely against her will that she went. But Achilles went apart from his comrades and sat upon the sea-shore, falling into a great passion of tears, and stretching out his hands with loud prayer to his mother, who indeed was a goddess of the sea, Thetis by name. She heard him where she sat in the depths by her father, the old god of the sea, and rose—you would have thought it a mist rising—from the waves, and came to where he sat weeping, and stroked him with her hand, and called him by his name.

"What ails thee, my son?" she said.

Then he told her the story of his wrong, and when he had ended he said—

"Go, I pray thee, to the top of Olympus, to the palace of Zeus. Often have I heard thee boast how, long ago, thou didst help him when the other gods would have bound him, fetching Briareus of the hundred hands, who sat by him in his strength, so that the gods feared to touch him. Go now and call these things to his mind, and pray him that he help the sons of Troy and give them victory in the battle, so that the Greeks, as they see before them, may have joy of this king of theirs, who has done such wrong to the bravest of his host."

And his mother answered him, "Surely thine is an evil lot, my son! Thy life is short, and it should of right be without tears and full of joy; but now it seems to me to be both short

and sad. But I will go as thou sayest to Olympus, to the palace of Zeus, but not now, for he has gone, and the other gods with him, to a twelve days' feast with the pious Ethiopians. But when he comes back I will entreat and persuade him. And do thou sit still, nor go forth to battle."

When the twelve days were passed, Thetis went to the top of Olympus, to the palace of Zeus, and made her prayer to him. He was loath to grant it, for he knew that it would anger his wife, Here, who loved the Greeks and hated the sons of Troy. Yet he could not refuse her, but promised that it should be as she wished. And to make his word the surer, he nodded his awful head, and with the nod all Olympus was shaken.

That night Zeus took counsel with himself how he might best work his will. And he called to him a dream, and said, "Dream, go to the tent of Agamemnon, and tell him to set his army in array against Troy, for that the gods are now of one mind, and the day of doom is come for the city, so that he shall take it, and gain eternal glory for himself."

So the dream went to the tent of Agamemnon, and it took the shape of Nestor, the old chief, whom the king honored more than all beside.

Then the false Nestor spake: "Sleepest thou, Agamemnon? It is not for kings to sleep all through the night, for they must take thought for many, and have many cares. Listen now to the words of Zeus: 'Set the battle in array against Troy, for the gods are now of one mind, and the day of doom is come for the city, and thou shalt take it, and gain eternal glory for thyself.'"

And Agamemnon believed the dream, and knew not the purpose of Zeus in bidding him go forth to battle, how that the Trojans should win the day, and great shame should come to himself, but great honor to Achilles, when all the Greeks should pray him to deliver them from death. So he rose from his bed and donned his tunic, and over it a great cloak, and fastened the sandals on his feet, and hung from his shoulders his mighty silver-studded sword, and took in his right hand the great sceptre of his house, which was the token of his sovereignty over all the Greeks. Then he went forth, and first took counsel with the chiefs, and afterwards called the people to the assembly. And after the assembly the shrill-voiced heralds called the host to the battle. As is the flare of a great fire when a wood is burning on a hill-top, so was the flash of their arms and their armor as they thronged to the field. And as the countless flocks of wild geese or cranes or swans now wheel and now settle in the great Asian fen by the stream of Cayster, or as the bees swarm in the spring, when the milk-pails are full, so thick the Greeks thronged to the battle in the great plain by the banks of the Scamander. Many nations were there, and many chiefs. But the most famous among them were these: Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, and his brother, the yellow haired Menelaus, King of Sparta, and husband of the beautiful Helen; Ajax Oilous, or, as men called him, the lesser Ajax, King of Locri, swiftest of foot among the Greeks after the great Achilles; Ajax Telamon, from Salamis; Diomed, son of Tydeus, King of Argos, and with him Sthenelus; Nestor, King of Pylos, oldest and wisest among the Greeks; Ulysses, King of Ithaca, than whom there was no one more crafty in counsel; Idomeneus, grandson son of the great judge Minos, King of Crete, and with him Meriones; Teipolemus, son of Hercules, from Rhodes; Eumelus from Phere, son of that Alceus who died for her husband and was brought back from death by Hercules. All these were there that day, and many more; and the bravest and strongest of all was Ajax, son of Telamon, and the best horses were the horses of Eumelus; but there was none that could compare with Achilles and the horses of Achilles, bravest men and swiftest steeds. Only Achilles sat apart, and would not go to the battle.

And on the other sides the sons of Troy and their allies came forth from the gates of the city and set themselves in array. The most famous of their chiefs were these: Hector, son of King Priam, bravest and best of all, Aeneas, son of Anchises and the goddess Aphrodite; Pandarus, from Mount Ida, with the bow which Apollo gave him; Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, who came, from the broad salt river, the Hellespont; Pylmenes, King of Paphlagonia; and Sarpedon from Lycia, whom men affirmed to be the son of Zeus himself, and with him Glaucus.

So the battle was set in array, and the two hosts stood over against each other.

A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easily. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

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